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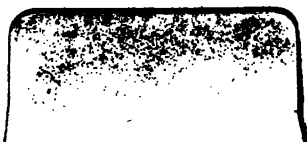
Three Masques

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THREE MASQUES

THREE MASQUES

From the original engraving on copper by Houbraken, dated 1738



J. Kneller pinxit

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Three Masques

by

Ben Jonson

New York
Robert Grier Cooke
1907



Three Masques

by

Ben Jonson

New York
Robert Grier Cooke
1901

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✓ *



Edwin Francis Eggle

THE MASQUE OF OBERON
THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS
THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY

To
LAURENCE HUTTON

in honor
of
long memories

W. C. B.

R. G. C.



BEN JONSON, a gentleman by birth, the grandson of a courtier of position, the intimate of notable men, and the agreeable admirer among noble women of his time, was the natural writer of their wedding masques, their epithalamiums, and the coronation vaudevilles for the court where he moved largely and with renown. That he should extol the goodness of James, the valor of Prince Henry of Wales, or the true and honorable fame of Queen Anne was no less a part of his poetic duty than of his official duty; and there is no doubt that he took poetic pleasure in celebrating the nuptials of Viscount Hadington and Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, or of "Robert, Earle of Essex and the Lady Frances second daughter of the most noble Earle of Suffolke," for Hymen is a fruitful inspiration to the poet. Among all these and others, and yet without his being a fellow of any rank or class of his time, Ben Jonson was a peer in his humor, outweighing in his worldly position even the wits of universities. Though subsidized by the court and extolling it with dignity, he always remained its critic and satirist, ever being a little more manly than courtly, a little more of a philosopher than a humorist, a little more critical than dramatic. In each respect he was big, overflowing with his powers the requirements of any rôle he played; and still in spite of his size he might have been greater if he had been less big.

It is this big, healthy, vital Jonson with "a mountain belly and a rocky face," who will remain one of the giants of his era, vying with Bacon for second place to the wonderful towering height of his companion Shakespeare, of whom we know so much more than of Jonson. The "little Latin and less Greek" of Avon's bard suggests the unencumbered spirit of his poesy in contrast with the scholarship of Jonson, whose lyric poetry is gentle and facile and limpid and yet does not swell from so godlike and freely weltering a brain. We

know more of Jonson's friendships than of Shakespeare's, we have a long and noteworthy list of his friends — "Underwoods" attests to that, — and throughout his praises and epitaphs and epistles and epigrams, we know that he loved widely, and with many whom he satirized he must have sat in long discourse or felt that they had crossed his path; and yet with all this we know more of Jonson's attitude toward his contemporaries than of his contemporaries' attitudes toward him. His lyric praise must have been a poetic honor sought for by the best of London's élite, and in his delicate and classic lines there are models for commendatory poetry. The greatest revelation of his genius comes, however, when we have read all his verse and, turning to the songs and sonnets and the "Rape of Lucrece" and the "Venus and Adonis" of Shakespeare, we realize how great would Jonson have been if there had been no immortal Will.

Jonson was a product of his time. It is as a recorder of every detail in the life of contemporary London that he holds his most important place in the Elizabethan group. He was a scholar, — self-made, it is true, — and therein grew his determination to write plays with four unities: — of action, of time, of place, and of subject. That classical scholarship added to his naturally keen observation of men and their natures, linked with his unquenchable faith in himself, causing him to embroil himself in arrogant attempts to force the public to accept his own idea of his heroic size, did not make a mountebank of him. He was earnest and honest, and there is no recorded evidence of his ever having a vindictive venom in aught of his satire. He became a formidable person when he wrote "Volpone"; and the "Alchemist," almost archaic as much of it now is, remains one of the best plots in literature. Whether it be, as Coleridge says, one of the best three, is almost impossible to make tenable.

Rich in its graceful suggestion of fancifulness, the lyric quality of Jonson's poetry is also felicitous in expression, pur-

suings each beauteous theme to its most secret lair ; and while classical in form, while fuller of an intellectual fruitfulness than any of his contemporaries save Shakespeare, and while replete with rhythmic flow and often an æsthetic accentuation of daintiness, there is still a frequently recurring monotony in many of his accurate poems in "Underwoods," — a monotony never apparent in the free and sylphlike poetry of Shakespeare. In the masque of Oberon we find a companion simile to Chaucer's "as fresh as is the month of May," in Jonson's poetic conceit,

"He is lovelier, than in May
Is the Spring";

and in much of his verse can we find such perfect expression as in these lines in one of his love elegies : —

"I
To put all relish from my memory
Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again and make our absence sweet,"

a playful lover's law such as one should find in him who would adore Celia and court Oberon ; and yet with all such daintiness and perfection in quantity, we seek far for the poetry of passion and realize that Jonson knew little of it. The rare Ben Jonson, the exemplar of the roast beef and sack of Old England, — the epitome of Saxon-England, as Whipple termed him, — often glowed with the heat of his own anger ; he knew the sting of his own tongue and pen, and let them be loose upon occasion, but of the passions of other men he knew less than Massinger or Ford or Beaumont and Fletcher. Many of his airy effusions, too, often seem weighted with the lead of prose ; and yet for his many exquisite lyrics like the "Hymn to Diana" or the "Discourse with Cupid," we are grateful, for not a word of Jonson was child's-play, but hearty, manly and reasonable, — as Gifford

wrote, "his unbounded learning is but an adjunct to his fancy."

In the masques which follow he was at his happiest, acute and dramatically logical, and imaginative withal. Assuming the craft of stage management, he produced many masques for the entertainment of his king and members of the court. What he revived was the lyrical spirit of poetic idylls for representation, and each masque shows his fullness of learning and his harmony of numbers, each having its classical beginning, middle and end. His slender plots were visionary but had much resemblance to inspired imagination, as may be noted in the Satyrs' description of the Fairy Prince.

The Masque of Blackness was first performed, after great preparations of unusual magnificence, on the Twelfth-Night, 1605-6; the cost of the performance being the sum of £3,000, drawn from the exchequer. The day was made otherwise celebrated by the installation of the four-year-old Prince Charles as Duke of York, and by the presence of Queen Anne's brother, the Duke of Holstein. Upon that occasion it pleased the Queen's fancy to change her fair ivory skin as well as that of eleven of her ladies, for the color of negroes. Of this Masque, David Garrick owned a copy, now in the British Museum, in which is Jonson's presentation inscription to the Queen. The second Masque, of Beauty, was first published with that of Blackness, with the following title: —

The Characters of Two royall Masques. The one of Blacknesse, the other of Beautie, Personated By the most magnificent of Queenes, Anne Queene of great Britain, etc. With her honorable Ladyes, 1605. and 1608. at White-hall: and Invented by Ben Ionsen. Imprinted at London for Thomas Thorp, and are to be sold at the signe of the Tiger's head in Paules Church-yard. [1608.] (4to 18 leaves.)

"Oberon, The Fairy Prince," was written for Prince

Henry, and produced on the first of January, 1611. Each one of these three embody the pomp and glory of the time. It is remarkable that while the stage of Shakespeare's time was a bare barracks, yet at court there was the lavish amount spent on machinery and movable scenery, dresses and dances, music and song; in fact all the paraphernalia of which in modern times we have a superabundance, was employed to enrich the exhibition. Jonson, leaving comedy and tragi-comedy, forgetting or abandoning his strictly classical laws, and finding himself awakened to a new form of pleasure-making, wrote with an ardor and taste, a versatility and elegance, which revived the art of composing masques and gave his genius its largest medium for fertile expression. Were it not for those masques and many of the poems in his "Underwoods," Jonson would to-day be counted one with Dekker, Massinger, Chapman, and their kin; be called an Elizabethan dramatist and be little read; but because of those masques and poems his dramatic work acquires dignity and greater importance. We discover new values and finer beauties of thought and diction, and in spite of his own belief in his heroic proportions we find him in the realm of England's great poets; his bluff and rough and proud ways having scared many a weak-kneed reader; his unproven hatred of Shakespeare having brought scorn upon him; his heartiness outliving and overbearing narrower minds than his; and yet compelling respect by the sprightly pleasure and wit and rhythmic grace of his faultless lines.

WILLIAM CUSHING BAMBURGH.

OBERON
THE FAIRY PRINCE, A MASQUE
OF
PRINCE HENRY'S



HE first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to show, and rising, a Satyr was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.

I Sat. Chromis! Mnasill! none appear?
See you not who riseth here?
You saw Silenus, late, I fear.—
I'll prove, if this can reach your ear.

He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered;
but was deceived by the echo.

O, you wake then! come away,
Times be short are made for play;
The humorous moon too will not stay:—
What doth make you thus delay?
Hath his tankard touched your brain?
Sure, they're fallen asleep again:
Or I doubt it was the vain
Echo, did me entertain.
Prove again—

Wound his cornet the second time, and found it.

I thought 'twas she!
Idle nymph, I pray thee be
Modest, and not follow me:
I not love myself, nor thee.

Here he wound the third time, and was answered by
another Satyr, who likewise showed himself.

Ay, this sound I better know:
List! I would I could hear moe.

At this they came running forth severally, to the number of ten, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antick actions and gestures; some of them speaking, some admiring: and amongst them a Silene, who is ever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.

- 2 Sat. Thank us, and you shall do so.
3 Sat. Ay, our number soon will grow.
2 Sat. See Silenus!
3 Sat. Cercops too!
4 Sat. Yes. What is there now to do?
5 Sat. Are there any nymphs to woo?
4 Sat. If therè be, let me have two.
Silen. Chaster language! These are nights
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the Fairy Prince and knights:
While the moon their orgies lights.
2 Sat. Will they come abroad anon?
3 Sat. Shall we see young Oberon?
4 Sat. Is he such a princely one,
As you spake him long ago?
Silen. Satyrs, he doth fill with grace
Every season, every place;
Beauty dwells but in his face;
He's the height of all our race.
Our Pan's father, god of tongue,
Bacchus, though he still be young,
Phœbus, when he crowned sung,
Nor Mars, when first his armour rung,
Might with him be named that day:
He is lovelier than in May

Is the spring, and there can stay
 As little, as he can decay.
 Omn. O that he would come away!
 3 Sat. Grandsire, we shall leave to play
 With Lyæus now; and serve
 Only Oberon.
 Silen. He'll deserve
 All you can, and more, my boys.
 4 Sat. Will he give us pretty toys,
 To beguile the girls withal?
 3 Sat. And to make them quickly fall.
 Silen. Peace, my wantons! he will do
 More than you can aim unto.
 4 Sat. Will he build us larger caves?
 Silen. Yes, and give you ivory staves,
 When you hunt; and better wine—
 1 Sat. Than the master of the vine?
 2 Sat. And rich prizes, to be won,
 When we leap, or when we run?
 1 Sat. Ay, and gild our cloven feet?
 3 Sat. Strew our heads with powder sweet?
 1 Sat. Bind our crooked legs in hoops
 Made of shells, with silver loops?
 2 Sat. Tie about our tawny wrists
 Bracelets of the fairy twists?
 4 Sat. And, to spite the coy nymphs' scorns,
 Hang upon our stubbed horns
 Garlands, ribands, and fine posies—
 3 Sat. Fresh as when the flower discloses?
 1 Sat. Yes, and stick our pricking ears

- With the pearl that Tethys wears.
2 Sat. And to answer all things else,
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;
That as we do strike a time,
In our dance shall make a chime—
3 Sat. Louder than the ratling pipes
Of the wood gods—
1 Sat. Or the stripes
Of the tabor; when we carry
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.
Omn. O that he so long doth tarry!
Silen. See! the rock begins to ope,
Now you shall enjoy your hope;
'Tis about the hour, I know.

There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two Sylvens, armed with their clubs, and drest in leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus proceeds:

- Silen. Look! does not his palace show
Like another sky of lights?
Yonder, with him, live the knights,
Once, the noblest of the earth,
Quickened by a second birth:
Who for prowess and for truth
There are crowned with lasting youth:
And do hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss in Fairyland.
But their guards, methinks, do sleep!
Let us wake them.—Sirs, you keep

- Proper watch, that thus do lie
Drowned in sloth!
- 1 Sat. They have ne'er an eye
To wake withal.
- 2 Sat. Nor sense, I fear;
For they sleep in either ear.
- 3 Sat. Holla, Sylvans!—sure they're caves
Of sleep these, or else they're graves.
- 4 Sat. Hear you, friends!—who keeps the
keepers?
- 1 Sat. They are the eighth and ninth sleepers!
- 2 Sat. Shall we cramp them?
- Silen. Satyrs, no.
- 3 Sat. Would we had Boreas here, to blow
Off their heavy coats, and strip them.
- 4 Sat. Ay, ay, ay; that we might whip them.
- 3 Sat. Or that we had a wasp or two
For their nostrils.
- 1 Sat. Hairs will do
Even as well: take my tail.
- 2 Sat. What do you say to a good nail
Through their temples?
- 2 Sat. Or an eel,
In their guts, to make them feel?
- 4 Sat. Shall we steal away their beards?
- 3 Sat. For Pan's goat, that leads the herds?
- 2 Sat. Or try, whether is more dead,
His club, or the other's head?
- Silen. Wags, no more: you grow too bold.
- 1 Sat. I would fain now see them rolled

Down a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge-
Bones: or to some river take 'em,
Plump; and see if that would wake 'em.

2 Sat. There no motion yet appears.

Silen. Strike a charm into their ears.

At which the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch.

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee:
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see? — [They tickle them.
He ate the dormouse;
Else it was he.

The two Sylvans starting up amazed, and betaking
themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by
Silenus:

Silen. How now, Sylvans! can you wake?
I commend the care you take
In your watch! Is this your guise,
To have both your ears and eyes
Sealed so fast as these mine elves
Might have stolen you from yourselves?

3 Sat. We had thought we must have got
Stakes, and heated them red-hot,
And have bored you through the eyes,
With the Cyclops ere you'd rise.

2 Sat. Or have fetched some trees to heave
Up your bulks, that so did cleave
To the ground there.

- 4 Sat. Are you free
Yet of sleep, and can you see
Who is yonder up aloof?
- 1 Sat. Be your eyes yet moon-proof?
- 1 Syl. Satyrs, leave your petulance,
And go frisk about and dance;
Or else rail upon the moon:
Your expectance is too soon.
For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not unlock;
And, till then, we know we keep
Guard enough, although we sleep.
- 1 Sat. Say you so? then let us fall
To a song, or to a brawl:
Shall we, grandsire? Let us sport,
And make expectation short.
- Silen. Do, my wantons, what you please.
I'll lie down and take mine ease.
- 1 Sat. Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,
As we use, yond' seeming maid.

SONG

Now, my cunning lady : moon,
Can you leave the side so soon
Of the boy you keep so hid?
Midwife Juno sure will say,
This is not the proper way
Of your paleness to be rid.
But, perhaps, it is your grace
To wear sickness in your face,
That there might be wagers laid
Still, by fools, you are a maid.

Come, your changes overthrow,
What your look would carry so;
Moon, confess then, what you are,
And be wise, and free to use
Pleasures that you now do lose;
Let us Satyrs have a share.
Though our forms be rough and rude,
Yet our acts may be endued
With more virtue: every one
Cannot be Endymion.

Here they fell suddenly into an antick dance full of
gesture and swift motion, and continued it till the
crowing of the cock: at which they were inter-
rupted by Silenus.

Silen. Stay, the cheerful chanticleer
Tells you that the time is near:—
See, the gates already spread!
Every Satyr bow his head.

There the whole palace opened, and the nation of
Faies were discovered, some with instruments, some
bearing lights, others singing; and within, afar off in
perspective, the knights masquers sitting in their sev-
eral sieges: at the further end of all, Oberon, in a
chariot, which, to a loud triumphant music, began
to move forward, drawn by two white bears, and
on either side guarded by three Sylvans, with one
going in front.

SONG

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air,
And air fly into fire,
Whilst we in tunes, to Arthur's chair
Bear Oberon's desire;
Than which there's nothing can be higher,
Save James, to whom it flies:
But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,
Who hath not sung his name?
The soul that hath not, hath not been;
But is the very same
With buried sloth, and knows not fame,
Which doth him best comprise:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

By this time the chariot was come as far forth as the
face of the scene. And the Satyrs beginning to leap,
and express their joy for the unused state and solemnity,
the foremost Sylvan began to speak.

- 1 Syl. Give place, and silence; you were rude
too late;
This is a night of greatness and of state,
Not to be mixt with light and skipping
sport,
A night of homage to the British court,
And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,
From our bright master, Oberon the fair,
Who with these knights attendants, here
preserved
In Fairyland, for good they have
deserved
Of yond' high throne, are come of right
to pay
Their annual vows; and all their glories
lay
At's feet, and tender to this only great,
True majesty, restored in this seat;
To whose sole power and magic they
do give
The honour of their being; that they live

Sustained in form, fame, and felicity,
From rage of fortune or the fear to die.
Silen. And may they well. For this indeed is he,
My boys, whom you must quake at when
you see.

He is above your reach; and neither doth
Nor can he think within a Satyr's tooth:
Before his presence you must fall or fly.
He is the matter of virtue, and placed
high.

His meditations to his height are even:
And all their issue is akin to heaven.
He is a god o'er kings; yet stoops he then
Nearest a man, when he doth govern
men,

To teach them by the sweetness of his
sway,
And not by force. He's such a king as
they

Who are tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted
peace,

Would, in their wishes, form for their
release.

'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,
And keeps the age up in a head of gold;
That in his own true circle still doth run;
And holds his course as certain as the sun.
He makes it ever day and ever spring
Where he doth shine, and quickens every-
thing

Like a new nature: so that true to call
 Him by his title is to say, He's all.
 1 Syl. I thank the wise Silenus for his praise.
 Stand forth, bright Faies and Elves, and
 tune your lays
 Unto his name; then let your nimble feet
 Tread subtle circles that may always
 meet
 In point to him, and figures, to express
 The grace of him and his great emperess.
 That all that shall to-night behold the rites
 Performed by princely Oberon and these
 knights,
 May, without stop, point out the proper
 heir
 Designed so long to Arthur's crowns and
 chair.

SONG BY TWO FAIES

1 Faie. Seek you majesty, to strike?
 Bid the world produce his like.
 2 Faie. Seek you glory, to amaze?
 Here let all eyes stand at gaze.
 Cho. Seek you wisdom, to inspire?
 Touch then at no other's fire.
 1 Faie. Seek you knowledge, to direct?
 Trust to his without suspect.
 2 Faie. Seek you piety, to lead?
 In his footsteps only tread.
 Cho. Every virtue of a king,
 And of all, in him, we sing.

Then the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which
 ended, a full SONG follows by all the voices.

The solemn rites are well begun;
 And though but lighted by the moon,
 They show as rich as if the sun
 Had made this night his noon.
 But may none wonder that they are so bright,
 The moon now borrows from a greater light:
 Then, princely Oberon,
 Go on,
 This is not every night.

Oberon and the knights dance out the first masque
 dance: which was followed with this

SONG

Nay, nay,
 You must not stay,
 Nor be weary yet;
 This is no time to cast away,
 Or for Faies so to forget
 The virtue of their feet.
 Knotty legs and plants of clay
 Seek for ease, or love delay,
 But with you it still should fare
 As with the air of which you are.

After which they danced forth their second masque
 dance, and were again excited by a

SONG

- 1 Faie. Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
 Must you have will, or hope to rest.
- 2 Faie. If you use the smallest stay,
 You'll be overta'en by day.
- 1 Faie. And these beauties will suspect
 That their forms you do neglect,
 If you do not call them forth.
- 2 Faie. Or that you have no more worth
 Than the coarse and country Fairy,
 That doth haunt the hearth or dairy.

Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards, etc.,
 till Phosphorus the day-star appeared, and called
 them away; but first they were invited home by one
 of the Sylvans with this

SONG

Gentle knights,
Know some measure of your nights.
Tell the high-graced Oberon,
It is time that we were gone.
Here be forms so bright and airy,
And their motions so they vary,
As they will enchant the Fairy
If you longer here should tarry.

Phos. To rest, to rest! the herald of the day,
Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence;
obey.
The moon is pale, and spent; and winged
Night
Makes headlong haste to fly the Morn-
ing's sight,
Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.
Of which myself the last, her harbinger,
But stay to warn you that you not defer
Your parting longer: then do I give way,
As Night hath done, and so must you, to
Day.

After this, they danced their last dance into the work.
And with a full SONG the star vanished, and the
whole machine closed.

O yet how early, and before her time,
The envious morning up doth climb,
Though she not love her bed!
What haste the jealous Sun doth make,
His fiery horses up to take,
And once more show his head!
Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,
The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS

**PERSONATED AT THE COURT
OF WHITEHALL ON
THE TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1605**



ALVE festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.

Ovid.

The honour and splendour of these spectacles was such in the performance, as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine, now, had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest and most absolute births, to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people who, as a part of greatness, are privileged by custom to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that Majesty, who gave them their authority and grace, and no less than the most royal of predecessors deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny, Solinus, Ptolemy, and of late Leo the African, remember unto us a river in Æthiopia famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritæ, now Negroes, and are the blackest nation of the world. This river taketh spring out of a certain lake, eastward; and after a long race, falleth into the western ocean. Hence, because it was Her Majesty's will to have them blackmoors at first, the invention was derived by me, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a *landschap* (landscape) consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons, in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffeta, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves, the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better: upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue,

and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head grey, and horned, as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was garlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

Niger, in form and colour of an *Æthiop*; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger, attended by so many of the *Oceanizæ*, which were their light-bearers.

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces; so as the backs of some were seen; some in purple, or side; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex-shells.

The attire of the masquers was alike in all, without difference: the colours azure and silver; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl: best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea and united with this that flowed forth; from the termination or horizon of which, being the level of the state which was placed in the upper end of the hall, was drawn by the lines of prospective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones's design and act.

By this, one of the tritons, with the two sea maids, began to sing to the others' loud music, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

SONG.

Sound, sound aloud
The welcome of the orient flood
Into the west;
Fair Niger, son to great Oceanus,
Now honoured thus,
With all his beauteous race:
Who, though but black in face,
Yet are they bright,
And full of life and light,
To prove that beauty best
Which not the colour but the feature
Assures unto the creature.

- Ocea. Be silent, now the ceremony's done,
And, Niger, say, how comes it, lovely
son,
That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far east,
Art seen to fall into the extremest west
Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,
And in mine empire's heart, salute me
thus?
My ceaseless current, now, amazed
stands
To see thy labour, through so many lands,
Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish
stream;
And, in the sweetness, stretch thy diadem
To these far distant and unequalled skies,
This squared circle of celestial bodies.
- Niger. Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange at all
That, since the immortal souls of crea-
tures mortal

Mix with their bodies, yet reserve for ever
 A power of separation, I should sever
 My fresh streams from thy brackish, like
 things fixed,
 Though, with thy powerful saltness, thus
 far mixed.
 Virtue, though chained to earth, will still
 live free;
 And hell itself must yield to industry.
 Ocea. But what's the end of thy Herculean la-
 bours,
 Extended to these calm and blessed
 shores?
 Niger. To do a kind and careful father's part,
 In satisfying every pensive heart
 Of these my daughters, my most loved
 birth:
 Who, though they were the first formed
 dames of earth
 And in whose sparkling and refulgent
 eyes
 The glorious sun did still delight to rise;
 Though he, the best judge, and most
 formal cause
 Of all dames' beauties, in their firm hues
 draws
 Signs of his fervent'st love, and thereby
 shows
 That in their black the perfect'st beauty
 grows;

Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,
Which is the highest grace of dames
most fair,
No cares, no age, can change, or there
display
The fearful tincture of abhorred grey;
Since death herself (herself being pale
and blue)
Can never alter their most faithful hue:
All which are arguments to prove how far
Their beauties conquer in great beauty's
war;
And more, how near divinity they be
That stand from passion or decay so free.
Yet, since the fabulous voices of some
few
Poor brain-sick men, styled poets here
with you,
Have, with such envy of their graces,
sung
The painted beauties other empires
sprung;
Letting their loose and winged fictions fly
To infect all climates, yea, our purity;
As of one Phaëton, that fired the world
And that, before his heedless flames were
hurled
About the globe, the Æthiops were as fair
As other dames; now black, with black
despair:

And in respect of their complexions
changed,
Are eachwhere, since, for luckless crea-
tures ranged;
Which, when my daughters heard, (as
women are
Most jealous of their beauties) fear and
care
Possessed them whole; yea, and believ-
ing them,
They wept such ceaseless tears into my
stream
That it hath thus far overflowed his shore
To seek them patience: who have since,
e'ermore
As the sun riseth, charged his burning
throne
With vollies of revilings; 'cause he
shone
On their scorched cheeks with such in-
temperate fires,
And other dames made queens of all de-
sires.
To frustrate which strange error, oft I
sought,
Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought
As women's are, till they confirmed at
length
By miracle, what I, with so much strength
Of argument resisted; else they feigned;

For in the lake where their first spring
they gained,
As they sat cooling their soft limbs, one
night,
Appeared a face, all circumfused with
light;
(And sure they saw't, for Æthiops never
dream)
Wherein they might decipher through
the stream,
These words:

That they a land must forthwith seek,
Whose termination, of the Greek,
Sounds Tania ; where bright Sol, that het
Their bloods, doth never rise or set,
But in his journey passeth by,
And leaves that climate of the sky
To comfort of a greater light,
Who forms all beauty with his sight.

In search of this, have we three prince-
doms past,
That speak out -Tania in their accents
last;
Black Mauritania, first; and secondly,
Swarth Lusitania; next we did descry
Rich Aquitania: and yet cannot find
The place unto these longing nymphs de-
signed.
Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,
What land is this that now appears to
us?

Ocea. This land, that lifts into the temperate
air
His snowy cliff, is Albion the fair;
So called of Neptune's son, who ruleth
here:
For whose dear guard, myself, four
thousand year,
Since old Deucalion's days, have walked
the round
About his empire, proud to see him
crowned
Above my waves.—

At this the Moon was discovered in the upper part of
the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in
figure of a pyramis. Her garments white and silver,
the dressing of her head antique, and crowned with
a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the
clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as
natural clouds do by the splendour of the moon.
The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk,
and set with stars of silver, which had in them their
several lights burning. The sudden sight of which
made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present
passion.

○ see, our silver star,
Whose pure, auspicious light greets us
thus far!
Great Æthiopia goddess of our shore,
Since with particular worship we adore
Thy general brightness, let particular
grace
Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the
place

Which long their longings urged their
eyes to see,
Beautify them, which long have deified
thee.

Æthi. Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.
Thy daughters' labours have their period
here,

And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the lake, in which thy race
Read mystic lines; which skill Pythagoras
First taught to men, by a reverberate
glass.

This blessed isle doth with that Tania
end,

Which there they saw inscribed, and
shall extend

Wished satisfaction to their best desires.

Britannia, which the triple world admires,
This isle hath now recovered for her
name;

Where reign those beauties that with so
much fame

The sacred Muses' sons have honoured,
And from bright Hesperus to Eous
spread.

With that great name Britannia, this blest
isle

Hath won her ancient dignity, and style,
A world divided from the world: and
tried

The abstract of it, in his general pride.
For were the world, with all his wealth,
a ring,
Britannia, whose new name makes all
tongues sing,
Might be a diamant worthy to inchase
in it:
Ruled by a son, that to this height doth
grace it:
Whose beams shine day and night, and
are of force
To blanch an Æthiop, and revive a
corse.
His light sciential is, and, past mere na-
ture,
Can salve the rude defects of every
creature.
Call forth thy honoured daughters
then:
And let them, 'fore the Britain men,
Indent the land, with those pure
traces
They flow with, in their native
graces.
Invite them boldly to the shore;
Their beauties shall be scorched no
more:
This sun is temperate, and refines
All things on which his radiance
shines.

Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced on shore, every couple, as they advanced, severally presenting their fans: in one of which were inscribed their mixt names, in the other a mute hieroglyphic, expressing their mixed qualities. Their own single dance ended, as they were about to make choice of their men: one, from the sea, was heard to call them with this Charm, sung by a tenor voice.

Come away, come away,
We grow jealous of your stay;
If you do not stop your ear,
We shall have more cause to fear
Syrens of the land, than they
To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

Here they danced with their men several measures and corantos. All which ended, they were again accited to sea, with a Song of two trebles, whose cadences were iterated by a double echo from several parts of the land.

Daughters of the subtle flood,
Do not let earth longer entertain you;
1 Ech. Let earth longer entertain you.
2 Ech. Longer entertain you.

'Tis to them enough of good,
That you give this little hope to gain you.
1 Ech. Give this little hope to gain you.
2 Ech. Little hope to gain you.

If they love,
You shall quickly see;
For when to flight you move,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.
1 Ech. Follow you, the more you flee.
2 Ech. The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to other's matter;
They are but earth, and what you vowed was water.
1 Ech. And what you vowed was water.
2 Ech. You vowed was water.

Æthi. Enough, bright nymphs, the night grows
old,
And we are grieved we cannot hold
You longer light; but comfort take.
Your father only, to the lake
Shall make return: yourselves, with feasts,
Must here remain the Ocean's guests.
Nor shall this veil the sun hath cast
Above your blood, more summers last,
For which you shall observe these rites:
Thirteen times thrice, on thirteen nights,
(So often as I fill my sphere
With glorious light throughout the year)
You shall, when all things else do sleep
Save your chaste thoughts, with rever-
ence, steep
Your bodies in that purer brine,
And wholesome dew, call'd ros-marine:
Then with that soft and gentler foam,
Of which the ocean yet yields some
Whereof, bright Venus, beauty's queen,
Is said to have begotten been,
You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,
And for your pains perfection have:
So that, this night, the year gone round,
You do again salute this ground;
And in the beams of yond' bright sun,
Your faces dry,—and all is done.

At which, in a dance, they returned to sea, where
they took their shell, and with this full song went out.

Now Dian, with her burning face,
Declines apace:
By which our waters know
To ebb, that late did flow.

Back seas, back nymphs; but with a forward grace,
Keep still your reverence to the place;
And shout with joy of favour, you have won,
In spite of Albion, Neptune's son.

So ended the first Masque; which, beside the singular grace of music and dances, had the success in the nobility of performance, as nothing needs to the illustration, but the memory by whom it was personated.

	The Names	The Symbols	
1	{ The Queen Co. of Bedford	{ Euphoris Aglaia	} A golden tree, laden with fruit
2	{ La. Herbert Co. of Derby	{ Diaphane Eucampse	
3	{ La. Rich Co. of Suffolk	{ Ocyte Kathare	} A pair of naked feet in a river
4	{ La. Bevill La. Effingham	{ Notis Psychrote	
5	{ La. El. Howard La. Sus. Vere	{ Glycyte Malacia	} A cloud full of rain dropping
6	{ La. Worth La. Walsingham	{ Baryte Periphere	

The names of the Oceanizæ were :

Doris	Cydippe	Beroe	Ianthe
Petraea	Glauce	Acaste	Lycoris
Ocyrhoe	Tyche	Clytia	Plexaure

THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY



WO years being now past, that Her Majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment, which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced Boreas, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagged; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings grey, and full of snow and icicles: his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several puffs; his feet ending in serpents' tails; and in his hand a leafless branch laden with icicles.

But before, in the midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast and season, I had placed January in a throne of silver; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with silver; a white mantle; his wings white, and his buskins; in his hand a laurel-bough; upon his head an anademe of laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character: who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

Boreas. Which, among these, is Albion, Neptune's son?

Janu. What ignorance dares make that question?

Would any ask, who Mars were in the wars,

Or which is Hesperus among the stars?

Of the bright planets, which is Sol? or can

A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is Man?

Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire

Throughout this All; whose precepts do
inspire
The rest with duty, yet commanding,
cheer;
And are obeyed more with love, than
fear.

Boreas. What Power art thou, that thus in-
formest me?

Janu. Dost thou not know me? I too well
know thee
By thy rude voice, that doth so hoarsely
blow;
Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er-
hilled with snow,
Thy serpent feet, to be that rough North-
wind,
Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind.
I am the prince of months called Janu-
ary:
Because by me, Janus the year doth vary,
Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace,
and feasts,
Freedom and triumphs; making kings his
guests.

Boreas. To thee then thus, and by thee to that
king
That doth thee present honours, do I
bring
Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop
dames,

Who, guided hither by the moon's bright
flames

To see his brighter light, were to the sea
Enjoined again, and (thence assigned a
day

For their return) were in the waves to
leave

Their Blackness, and true Beauty to re-
ceive.

Janu. Which they received, but broke their
day: and yet

Have not returned a look of grace for it,
Shewing a coarse and most unfit neglect.

Twice have I come in pomp here, to
expect

Their presence; twice deluded, have
been fain

With other rites my feasts to entertain:

And now the third time turned about
the year

Since they were looked for, and yet are
not here!

Boreas. It was nor will, nor sloth, that caused
their stay;

For they were all prepared by their day,

And with religion forward on their way,

When Proteus, the grey prophet of the
sea,

Met them, and made report, how other
four

Of their black kind (whereof their sire
 had store)
 Faithful to that great wonder so late done
 Upon their sisters by bright Albion,
 Had followed them to seek Britannia
 forth,
 And there to hope like favour, as like
 worth,
 Which Night envied, as done in her
 despite,
 And mad to see an Æthiop washed
 white,
 Thought to prevent in these; lest men
 should deem
 Her colour, if thus changed, of small
 esteem.
 And so, by malice and her magic, tost
 The nymphs at sea, as they were almost
 lost,
 Till on an island they by chance arrived
 That floated in the main; where, yet, she
 had gyved
 Them so in chains of darkness, as no
 might
 Should loose them thence but their
 changed sisters' sight.
 Whereat the twelve, in piety moved,
 and kind,
 Straight put themselves in act the place
 to find;

Which was the Night's sole trust they
so will do,
That she with labour might confound
them too.
For ever since with error hath she held
Them wandering in the ocean, and so
quelled
Their hopes beneath their toil, as (des-
perate now
Of any least success unto their vow,
Nor knowing to return to express the
grace
Wherewith they labour to this prince
and place)
One of them meeting me at sea, did pray
That for the love of my Orithya,
Whose very name did heat my frosty
breast,
And made me shake my snow-filled
wings and crest,
To bear this sad report I would be won,
And frame their just excuse; which here
I've done.

Janu. Would thou hadst not begun, unlucky
Wind,
That never yet blew'st goodness to man-
kind;
But with thy bitter and too piercing breath
Strik'st horrors through the air as sharp
as death.

Here a second wind came in, Vultur, in a blue coloured robe and mantle, puffed as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face black, and on his head a red sun, showing he came from the east: his wings of several colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.

Vult. All horrors vanish, and all name of death!
Be all things here as calm as is my breath!
A gentler wind, Vultur, brings you
news
The isle is found, and that the nymphs
now use
Their rest and joy. The Night's black
charms are flown.
For being made unto their goddess known,
Bright Æthiopia, the silver moon,
As she was Hecate, she brake them soon:
And now, by virtue of their light and
grace,
The glorious isle wherein they rest takes
place
Of all the earth for beauty. There, their
queen
Hath raised them a throne, that still is
seen
To turn unto the motion of the world;
Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven,
whirled
About the earth; whilst to them contrary,
(Following those noble torches of the
sky)

A world of little Loves, and chaste Desires,
Do light their beauties with still moving
fires.
And who to heaven's concert can bet-
ter move,
Than those that are so like it, Beauty
and Love?
Hither, as to their new Elysium,
The spirits of the antique Greeks are
come,
Poets, and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all
That have excelled in knowledge musical;
Where set in arbours made of myrtle
and gold
They live again, these beauties to behold.
And thence in flowery mazes walking
forth,
Sing hymns in celebration of their worth;
Whilst, to their songs, two fountains
flow, one hight
Of Lasting Youth, the other Chaste De-
light,
That at the closes, from their bottoms
spring,
And strike the air to echo what they sing.
But why do I describe what all must see?
By this time, near the coast, they floating
be;
For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste
moon,

Told them the fate of the island should,
 and soon
 Would fix itself unto thy continent,
 As being the place, by destiny foremeant,
 Where they should flow forth, drest in
 her attires :
 And that the influence of those holy fires
 First rapt from hence, being multiplied
 upon
 The other four, should make their beau-
 ties one.
 Which now expect to see, great
 Neptune's son,
 And love the miracle which thyself
 hast done.

Here a curtain was drawn, in which the Night was painted, and the scene discovered, which (because the former was marine, and these, yet of necessity, to come from the sea) I devised should be an island floating on a calm water. In the midst thereof was a Seat of State, called the Throne of Beauty, erected: divided into eight squares, and distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters. In these squares the sixteen masquers were placed by couples: behind them in the centre of the throne was a tralucient pillar, shining with several coloured lights, that reflected on their backs. From the top of which pillar went several arches to the pilasters, that sustained the roof of the room, which was likewise adorned with lights and garlands: and between the pilasters, in front, little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice: over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of Beauty, which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females, had the Corinthian order. The first was

SPLENDOUR,

in a robe of flame colour, naked breasted; her bright hair loose flowing: she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through: and in her hand a branch, with two roses, a white and a red. The next to her was

SERENITAS,

in a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shows: upon her head a clear and fair sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a crystal, cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

GERMINATIO,

in green, with a zone of gold about her waist, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour: in her hand a branch of myrtle. Her socks of green and gold. The fourth,

LÆTITIA,

in a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon: her socks so fitted. A garland of flowers in her hand; her eyes turning up, and smiling: her hair flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

TEMPERIES,

in a garment of gold, silver, and colors, weaved; in one hand she held a burning steel, in the other an urn with water. On her head a garland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches, interwoven. Her socks, as her garment. The sixth,

VENUSTAS,

in a silver robe, with a thin subtle veil over her hair, and it: pearl about her neck, and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl. In her hand she bore several coloured lilies. The seventh was

DIGNITAS,

in a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold; likewise her buskins; and in her hand a golden rod. The eighth,

PERFECTIO,

in a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upon her head. About her body the zodiac, with the signs: in her hand a compass of gold, drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

HARMONIA,

a personage, whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compassed with a crown of gold, having in it seven jewels equally set. In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which, consisting of six steps, was covered with a multitude of Cupids (chosen out of the best and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others), that were the torch-bearers; and all armed with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbours appointed; and behind, in the back part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked, and threw at each other, whilst on the ground leverets picked up the bruised apples, and left them half eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one Hebe's, the other Hedone's: in the arbours were placed the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attired in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel garlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny and silver: the other in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white and gold to both.

The habit and dressing for the fashion was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seemed to be a mine of light, struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne, as the whole island moved forward on the water, had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the west, or the right to the left side. For so Homer's *Iliad* μ understands by $\delta\epsilon\lambda\acute{\iota}\alpha$, *Orientalia mundi*: by $\acute{\alpha}\pi\iota\sigma\tau\epsilon\rho\acute{\alpha}$, *Occidental*. The steps whereon the Cupids sat had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their several lights. And with these three varied motions, at once the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the sign Scorpio, and the character, placed before her.

The order of the scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say (not to belie them), lent small colour to any to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime, either to the invention or design.

Here the loud music ceased; and the musicians, which were placed in the arbours, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two Echoes, rising out of the fountains.

When Love at first did move
From out of Chaos, brightened
So was the world, and lightened,
As now.

1 Ech. As now!

2 Ech. As now!

Yield Night, then to the light,
As Blackness hath to Beauty:
Which is but the same duty.

It was for Beauty that the world was made,
And where she reigns, Love's lights admit no shade.

1 Ech. Love's lights admit no shade.

2 Ech. Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturinus, the wind, spake to the river Thamesis, that lay along between the shores, leaning upon his urn, that flowed with water, and crowned with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about him; and was personated by Master Thomas Giles, who made the dances.

Vul. Rise, Aged Thames, and by the hand
Receive these nymphs, within the land.
And in those curious squares and rounds
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the
grounds

Of fruitful Kent and Essex fair
That lends the garlands for thy hair;
Instruct their silver feet to tread,
Whilst we, again, to sea are fled.

With which the Winds departed; and the river received them
into the land, by couples and fours, their Cupids coming before them.

These dancing forth a most curious dance, full of excellent device
and change, ended it in the figure of a diamond, and so, standing still,
were by the musicians with a second song, sung by a loud tenor,
celebrated.

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had severed Earth from flood!
So when he parted air from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himself was thought.
Which thought was, yet, the child of earth,
For Love is elder than his birth.

The song ended; they danced forth their second
dance, more subtle and full of change than the former;
and so exquisitely performed, as the king's
majesty (incited first by his own liking to that which
all others there present wished) required them both
again, after some time of dancing with the lords.
Which time, to give them respite, was intermitted
with a song; first, by a treble voice, in this manner:

If all these Cupids, now were blind,
As is their wanton brother:
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another:
What pretty battle they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother!

Which was seconded by another treble, thus:

It was no policy of court,
Albe' the place were charmed,
To let in earnest or in sport
So many Loves in, armed.

For say, the dames should, with their eyes
Upon the hearts here mean surprise;
Were not the men like harmed?

To which a tenor answered :

Yes, were the Loves or false or straying;
Or beauties not their beauty weighing:
But here no such deceit is mixed,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fixed:
They do not war with different darts,
But strike a music of like hearts.

After which songs they danced galliards and corantos;
and with those excellent graces, that the music appointed to celebrate them, showed it could be silent no longer; but, by the first tenor, admired them thus:

SONG.

Had those that dwelt in error foul,
And hold that women have no soul,
But seen these move; they would have then
Said, women were the souls of men:
So they do move each heart and eye,
With the world's soul, true harmony.

Here they danced a third most elegant and curious dance, and not to be described again by any art but that of their own footing, which ending in the figure that was to produce the fourth, January from his state saluted them thus:

Janu. Your Grace is great, as is your Beauty,
dames;
Enough my feasts have proved your
thankful flames.
Now use your seat: that seat which
was, before,
Thought straying, uncertain, floating to
each shore,

And to whose having every clime laid
claim,

Each land and nation urged as the aim
Of their ambition, Beauty's perfect
throne,

Now made peculiar to this place alone;
And that by impulsion of your destinies,
And his attractive beams that lights these
skies:

Who, though with the ocean compassed,
never wets

His hair therein, nor wears a beam that
sets.

Long may his light adorn these
happy rites,

As I renew them; and your gracious
sights

Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as
when

Beauty, at large, brake forth, and con-
quered men!

At which they danced their last dance into their throne
again; and that turning, the scene closed with this
full song.

Still turn and imitate the heaven

In motion swift and even;

And as his planets go,

Your brighter lights do so;

May youth and pleasure ever flow.

But let your State the while,

Be fixed as the isle.

Cho. So all that see your beauties sphere,
May know the Elysian fields are here.
1 Ech. The Elysian fields are here.
2 Ech. Elysian fields are here.

The persons who were received on land by the river god were —

The Queen	Lady Arabella
Countess of Arundel	Lady Kat. Peter
Countess of Derby	Lady Anne Winter
Countess of Bedford	Lady Winsor.
Countess of Montgomery	Lady Anne Clifford
Lady Eliz. Guilford	Lady Mary Neville
Lady Eliz. Hatton	Lady Chichester
Lady Eliz. Garrard	Lady Walsingham.

Of this Edition of Three Masques of Ben Jonson, published in the month of October, MCMIII, by Robert Grier Cooke in the City of New York, there have been printed four numbered copies on Japanese vellum, twenty-six lettered copies on Provence hand-made paper with illuminated title-page and initials, and one hundred and twenty-six rubricated copies on Provence hand-made paper. No other copies will be printed. The copies lettered A to Z have been illuminated by William Cushing Bamburgh. The number of this copy is 51





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